

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

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Review of New Books.

Ode to the Duke of Wellington; and other Poems. By Robert Charles Dallas, youngest son of Sir Charles Dallas, Bart. Written between the ages of eleven and thirteen years. 12mo. pp. 189. London, 1819.

So remarkable an instance of the precocity of talent, as this volume furnishes, we never before met with. Here are Odes in English, and Poems in Greek and Latin, with English versions, elegies, dramas, and amatory poems, all by a child. Lines to young ladies, who had sent locks of hair to the author, and an Epithalamium by a boy just entering on his teens. Much as we must be surprised at a boy, of such early years, writing poems which, for style, smoothness of versification, and strength of mind, may justly rank with the productions of bards of maturer age, yet it is not without regret, that we see so injudicious an *expose* of early genius. Sir George Dallas declares them to be the actual productions of his son, which had been selected from a large collection of his poetry, written from the age of eight to fourteen years. We will not say they had better all have slumbered in the poetical portfolio, but we are sure most of the friends of the baronet and his child, must think that the amatory productions had better not have been given to the public.

Though the Lilliputian actress, Miss Clara Fisher, may personate the crooked-backed tyrant with wonderful fidelity, and give some passages equal to Kean or Kemble, yet, who that ever saw her, could fancy that Gloucester stood before them—none—the illusion is lost; and when we see a boy of eleven or twelve years of age, writing Amatory Epistles and Epithalamiums, we say, it is out of character; and we cannot but censure the indiscretion of his friends who can countenance, nay more, can print them.

The Ode to the Duke of Wellington is a very spirited production, but by far too fulsome; we are not insensible to the great *military* talents of his Grace, but justice might have been done them by the poet, without considering him 'the brightest prop of Europe's tottering power' or heaping on his foe, all the common accusations and coarse epithets which accumulated during his no less brilliant career; but Master Dallas is a courtier and a politician, a great foe to republicanism, and an avowed champion of legitimacy; and, lest this might not be sufficiently discovered in the Ode, he has added notes and illustrations to make 'certainty doubly sure.' Having spoken so freely of this juvenile and astonishing writer, we shall quote a few passages from the Ode to the Duke of Wellington, which will shew the extent of his talents in this species of writing. The following alludes to the death of Tippoo Sultaun, in India;—

Vol. I.

'Fierce was the fray, but Britain! thine,
Thine was the palm where glories twine,
And circling splendours join to shrine
That happy, fame-fraught hour;
When thy bold heroes won the fight,
Fix'd the red banner on yon height,
And scath'd a tyrant's power.
Dauntless though base, though savage brave,
The fiery Sultan dar'd the grave,
And scorn'd by recreant flight to save
A life soon doom'd to fall;
Firm at the gap, he brav'd the blow;
With proud defiance met the foe,
And fiercely fac'd them all.
And as the lion roaring rears
(Press'd by a grove of hemming spears)
His crested mane; undaunted hears
The bullets hiss around;
Breaks through the throng, the steely wood,
Through jav'ins reeking in his blood,
And glories in the wound:
So spurring on his foaming steed,
He meets, the fate by Heaven decreed,
A deadly ball; yet, happy meed,
For him who scorns to fly!
Stretch'd on the earth, with clay cold brow,
Lies that great monarch bleeding now,
Who oft had dar'd to die.'

The decisive charge of the 'Household troops' at Waterloo, is powerfully depicted:—

'But see!—what dusty columns rise,
And seem to shade the cloudless skies,
When flashing death in Gallia's eyes
The Guards now burst to day.
Their jet black steeds all foam for fight,
And rush, exulting in their might,
With Scotia's gallant Grey;
With nodding plumes, and banners spread,
With blazing crests, and clamour dread,
They shake the earth with thund'ring tread;
The whirlwind rushes by:
And while the coursers scour the plain,
Loud shout—"Revenge for comrades slain,
We'll triumph or we'll die!"
Swift at their head bold Uxbridge speeds;
Their ardent bands to conquests leads,
To valour's prize, and martial deeds,
With manly look and mien:
And, as at once resolved he stood
To yield his breath for England's good,
Immortaliz'd the scene.
Full on the foe, now cloy'd with gore,
The stern battalions fiercely pour:
Then peal'd the fight in deaf'ning roar;
The shouts of battle Bray:
In Fortune's balance widely tost,
They fell—they conquer'd—won—or lost,
As ebb'd the eddying fray.'

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Horse set to horse, and man to man,
 From rank to rank grim slaughter ran:
 But who in British hearts can scan
 The cowering chill of fear?
 With brandish'd blade, and vengeful frown,
 They strike the cuirass, batter'd down,
 And hew the shiver'd spear.
 Nor triple steel, nor lance avail,
 Where dastard fear the mind can quail;
 The sevenfold shield, the steely mail,
 But hides a coward's heart:
 In Briton's soul there burns a fire
 Which flames in death, outlives his ire,
 And shines upon his dart!"

The death of the brave Duke of Brunswick, who, too impatient to revenge the death of his father, fell prematurely at Quatre Bras, is one of the finest stanzas in the ode:—

'Stretch'd on the earth's dark cold clay bed,
 With youth yet circling round his head,
 Illustrious Brunswick greatly bled:
 Pride of his people's love!
 When freedom rous'd the bugle's breath,
 He heard the call—he rush'd to death,
 And fell—to shine above.
 Weep, Britain weep, awake to woe:
 Hush the loud sounds of triumph low:
 Bid the sad strains of sorrow flow:
 Bid dirges peal the toll:
 Wail the great loss, the spirit gone,
 A martyr'd hero's fallen son,
 And strike upon the soul.
 Deep o'er his urn let glory trace
 His feats of arms; his noble race;
 Let sculptur'd trophies lend their grace
 And crown the hero's name:
 'Grave the bright oath that wak'd his doom,
 Spurr'd his great mind to scorn the tomb,
 And strung his soul to fame.'

The 'Battle of Waterloo, a Poem in Latin and English Verse,' written at the age of eleven years, is a striking proof of the extent and variety of the author's talents; an 'Ode on Ambition,' and 'Lines to the Memory of Sir Peter Parker,' in Latin and English verses, and some Greek verses on Spring, are all written with a chasteness and purity rarely to be met with. With the second of his amatory trifles, 'Lines to a Young Lady,' who had sent a lock of her hair to the author, we conclude our notice of this promising youth:—

'Ah! why should our poets, neglectfully dreaming,
 Attune their soft lays to the graces of yore?
 The bright eye of beauty o'er Britain is beaming,
 And love-laughing Cupid hath arrows in store,
 For erst though the fables of fancy have doated
 On goddess-like visions so gay and so bright;
 O'er Helen's proud bosom no ringlet hath floated,
 So lovely as this, that I kiss with delight!
 When first I beheld it refulgently shining,
 It wav'd on the lily white neck of the fair:
 Ye gods! with what transport I view'd it reclining;
 The starlight of glory that gleam'd on despair!
 And now that my hand in Love's fever is pressing
 This token of bliss to my joy-swollen heart;
 I vow—that my life prove a bane, or a blessing,
 'Till throbs my last pulse, it shall never depart.'

Some scenes from two tragedies conclude the volume, and though not equal to some of the preceding productions, are powerfully written.

First Impressions on a Tour upon the Continent, in the Summer of 1818, through parts of France, Italy, Switzerland, the borders of Germany, and a part of French Flanders. By Marianne Baillie. 8vo. pp. 375. London, 1819.

ALTHOUGH the countries through which Mrs. Baillie travelled, have been so often described by preceding tourists, yet they are sufficiently attractive, to afford an intelligent observer sufficient gleanings of novelty. Mrs. Baillie possesses a vivid imagination, bordering somewhat on the romantic; an acuteness of observation, which readily discerns the most interesting objects; and a talent at description, which will always do justice to subjects of importance. Nothing seems to have escaped her, and if she sometimes descends to a little unnecessary gossiping about the pretty children of the peasants, and to too minute a description of the different costumes, she has not neglected the more important objects, of the manners and customs of the natives, the state of the country, public buildings, with the amusements, &c. of the cities she visited; we can, therefore, readily pardon her being 'particular in describing costume to please the readers of her own sex,' among whom, she is well aware, nothing is more decidedly agreeable. There is another point, in which we think Mrs. Baillie more censurable, that of perpetually interlarding her narrative with French words; were they idiomatical phrases only, they might be excused, but when the subject can be quite as well, and often better expressed in English, we must condemn this perpetual recurrence to another language, like a boarding school miss, who having acquired a smattering of French, is anxious to display the whole of it, and often introduces it very inappropriately.

Tourists are not often impartial, and most of those who have lately visited France, have run into the two extremes; one praising every thing French or Bonaparteian, and the other condemning every thing they met with after they had crossed the Straits of Dover; this charge, however, will not make against our fair authoress, who, although endued with an ardent British feeling, is by no means insensible to the merits of our neighbours; but, on this subject, we leave her to speak for herself:—

'Home! the term always makes my heart throb with pleasure and pride; I know not why, but at that moment its idea rose in vivid strength before me, softened and beautified by the colours with which memory never fails to adorn a beloved object in my absence. I felt (and my companions warmly participated in my sentiments) that our dear little island had charms of a different nature, but in no way inferior, to those even of this favoured land, so celebrated, so enthusiastically vaunted, by the poet and the painter. I felt (and what Englishwoman ought not to feel?) that I could truly exclaim in apostrophizing my native country,

"Where'er I go, whatever realms I see,
 My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee."

And yet, reader, we were no bigots in the cause, for we could discern foreign excellence and deeply feel it, and we could perceive where England's faults lay, could acknowledge those faults, and wish that they were rectified; and this, I am sorry to say, is not always the case with our countrymen, many of whom have listened to all commendations of other nations, as if they were so many insults offered to our own.'

Mrs. B. travelled in company with her husband and another gentleman, and attended by a Swiss servant; they did not remain long at Paris, and this metropolis did not

make a very favourable impression on Mrs. B., who thought its filthy effluvia, and the wretched inconvenience of its streets, 'by no means compensated by the frivolity of its amusements;' and although there is a proverb, which she quotes, that *Paris est le paradis des femmes, le purgatoire des maris, et l'enfer des chevaux*, yet she very properly adds—'I, as an English wife, however, can imagine no place to be a paradise for me, which is, at the same time, a punishment to my husband; neither could I taste perfect felicity, if it was purchased at the expense of my brute fellow creatures.' The *Louvre* and the *Cemetery of Père de la Chaise*, with a few other objects, were, however, attractive, and we quote her description of the latter:—

'One morning we devoted to an expedition to the interesting cemetery of *Père de la Chaise*, the celebrated confessor of Louis Quatorze. The house in which he resided, stands in the midst, and is preserved as a sacred ruin. Nothing can be more striking and affecting to the imagination, than this place of burial; it is of considerable extent, with a well managed relief of shade and inequality of ground. The tombs and graves are kept in the highest order and repair, and almost all of them are planted with shrubs and fragrant flowers, mingled with the mournful cypress and yew; the acacia tree also is planted here in great abundance, and the wild vine trails its broad leaves and graceful clusters over many of the monuments. We remarked several beautiful tombs; amongst others, a light Gothic temple, which contains the mouldering remains of Abelard and Eloise, brought from the former place of their interment to the present appropriate and lovely situation; their statues lie side by side carved in stone, in their religious habits, their heads resting on cushions, and his feet upon a dog. All this did him too much honour; as he was the most selfish tyrannical lover in the world, and quite unworthy, in my opinion, of the attachment of the unfortunate Eloise. Several of the inscriptions, on humbler tombs, were affecting, from their brevity and simplicity; upon that of a man in the prime of life, we read the following short sentence: *A la memoire de mon meilleur ami—c'étoit mon frere!* On another, *Ci git P—N—: son epouse perd en lui le plus tendre de ses amis, et ses enfans un modele de vertu.* And upon one raised by its parents to the memory of a child, *ci git notre fils cheri*; a little crown of artificial orange blossoms, half blown, was in a glass-case at his head. We observed many garlands of fresh and sweet flowers hung upon the graves; every thing marked the existence of tender remembrance and regret; it appears to me, as if in this place, alone, the dead were never forgotten. I ought, however, to make honourable mention of a similar custom in Wales. A woman was kneeling upon one of the tombs (which was overgrown by fragrant shrubs,) weeping bitterly, and I felt a great inclination to bear her company: the last roses of summer were still lingering here, and she was gathering one as we passed.'

Near Fromenteau, they observed a pillar by the road side, with the chivalrous inscription, *Dieu, le Roi, les Dames*, and at Chailly, 'the virgin Mary looking out of a round hole in the wall, and not at all more dignified in her appearance than the well-known hero of Coventry.' At Lyons, on the fête of St. Louis, which is always celebrated with peculiar pomp and splendour, they witnessed a curious aquatic tournament, by the *jouteurs*, or plungers in water, who exhibit in boats upon the river:—

'This is a very ancient festival, and is mentioned (if I recollect right) by Rousseau. The dress of the combatants (among whom were several young boys of eight and five years old) was very handsome and fanciful, entirely composed of white linen, ornamented with knots of dark-blue riband. They had white kid leather shoes, tied with the same colours, caps richly ornamented with gold, and finished with gold tassels.

In their hands, they carried blue and gold oars, and long poles, and upon their breasts a wooden sort of shield or breastplate, divided into square compartments, and strapped firmly on like armour, or that peculiar ornament, the *ephod*, worn by the ancient Jewish high priests. Against this, they pushed with the poles as hard as possible, endeavouring to jostle and overturn their opponents; the vanquished, falling into the water, save themselves by swimming, while the victors carry off a prize.'

Lyons much resembles Bath, particularly in its environs, which are built upon hanging hills, and embosomed in woods and vineyards, but the convent of St. Michael, which Mrs. B. compares to a 'large Birmingham manufactory,' must be a considerable drawback on its appearance. At night, our travellers went to the *Comedie*; the theatre was dirty and shabby, and the light exclusively thrown on the stage, as is usual in foreign theatres, but the actors were good, and the audience a loyal one; the performance was a popular one with the French, it was *La Partie de Chasse de Henri Quatre*; and the story, known to every body, interested all hearts, and made tears flow down the cheeks of our travellers, who were strangers and foreigners. In honour of the day, there were illuminations, and the trees of the promenade, at Lyons, hung with lamps like Vauxhall; the officers of the foot-guards danced waltzes at the Inn, to the loud music of their own band, and 'for want of female partners, they had some of them taken off their coats, and dressed themselves up in mob-caps, shawls, and petticoats, made of the dinner napkins,' and thus tore about the room, swinging each other, to the disgust of some, and the amusement of others, who witnessed them. In the cathedral of Lyons, which is of Moorish architecture, there is an impious curiosity exhibited, 'which is a clock, from a niche in the front of which, when it strikes the hours, a figure of the Virgin suddenly protrudes, and makes a gracious inclination of the body; while in another recess above, there is a very paltry and shocking representation of the Father, who also leans forward in the act of giving his benediction. The attempt, thus to embody the inconceivable glories of person belonging to the unseen God, is both absurd and impious; yet surely not so much so, as the wish and endeavour, of some fanatics, to shroud the ineffable mercy and benevolence of the same being, beneath a dark, chilling, and repulsive gloomy veil of severity, wrath, and implacability. In both cases, the true features of the Divinity are shamefully and ridiculously misrepresented. We also saw two fine white marble statues, of St. Stephen and St. John, both spoilt by crowns of tawdry artificial flowers and tinsel, which gave them the air of our "Jacks in the green" on May-day.'

In Savoy, they saw a prodigious monument of Bonaparte's daring genius, in a tunnel, which had been cut through the heart of the solid rocks, the *eschelles de Savoy*, and beneath which, a fine road was to have been made, when his career of power was stopped, and the undertaking left unfinished. The manner in which Bonaparte first conceived and determined upon this work, is strongly characteristic of his decision:—

'He was passing through the ancient horrible road, with his engineer, stopped, and pointing to the mountains, said, "Is it not possible to cut a tunnel through the entrails of yonder rock, and to form a more safe and commodious route beneath it?"—"It is possible, certainly, sire," replied the scientific companion. "Then let it be done, and immediately," rejoined the emperor.'

Our author gives a most animated description of the picturesque and romantic scenery of Savoy, from which we cannot withhold an extract:—

‘An evening walk, which we took here, after tea, at the foot of the Alps, I shall never forget; romantic, beautiful, and wild, beyond even the dreams of poetical imagination. Passing through enormous masses of rock, consisting of argillaceous slate, called *schist*, in the foreground (at the entrance of a shadowy glade,) we gradually ascended a winding path, by which we traced an opening through the richly-wooded recesses of one of the nearer mountains. Thick shady bowers of walnut trees (the largest our eyes had ever beheld) formed an agreeable sort of twilight, shedding a flickering gloom around, that well accorded with the pensive tone of our minds, as we stole silently along, wrapt in unfeigned and warm admiration of nature and her wonderful creations, while a rippling spring, murmuring softly amid the mossy grass, assisted the dreamy sort of reverie, that hung like a spell upon us! A fair green meadow lay smiling at our feet; where, notwithstanding the burning heat of the season, the cattle were feeding on as rich a pasturage, as that which skirts the Thames, at Richmond. Far above (towering over our heads) were the snowy peaks of the highest Alps, half veiled in clouds of floating mist. I sat down upon a mossy stone, my companions stretched on the turf beside me; the silent, deep, and soothing tranquillity, was broken only by the chirp of the cricket, the distant bark of a cottage cur, or the whirring flight of the bats, who now were beginning their evening pastimes; one of them, in his airy wheel, almost brushed Mr. W.’s face with his wings, as he flew fearlessly past. As the night advanced, we were struck by the beautiful effect of the blazing weeds, which were burning on some of the surrounding heights. At length, we unwillingly bade adieu to the enchanting spot, and returned to our inn.’

Near *Lans le Bourg*, they first saw ‘a giant glacier clad in his spotless mantle of everlasting purity. At his feet (to give the reader some idea of his stupendous height and magnitude) lay a town; the steeple of its church did not appear taller than the extinguisher of a candle, which it also resembled in shape;’ and here strawberries, and raspberries, with violets, and the most lovely flowers, were blooming in all the luxuriance of nature’s richest garb. Near the summit of Mount Cenis, they were shewn the spot where adventurous travellers descend to the town of *Lans le Bourg*, upon a sledge, in the short space of seven minutes, a distance which it takes two hours and a half, to descend in a carriage, or on a mule. The English travellers frequently adopt this terrific mode of conveyance, in winter, and it was from this, that the amusements called *Les Montagnes Russe*, in Paris, were taken.

Upon the plain of Mount Cenis, are found large masses of the gypsum, or alabaster, from which the plaster of Paris is made. The more sheltered parts are bright with the flowers of the *rhododendron ferrugineum*, which I have, in another part of my work, described. Quantities of the beautiful little blue butterfly, called the argus, are seen here, and (though not so common) that fine fly, named *l’Apollon des Alpes*. Besides the great wild goat (*le bouquetin*), there are in these mountains, the chamois, with the marmottes, which require bold and active chasseurs, to be got at; they are shot by single ball. The whistling sort of cry of the marmotte, resembles that of some birds of prey. It is the signal they give upon being alarmed. When fat, they are considered as rather delicate food. We saw one unfortunate little animal of this species, in a tame state, belonging to a peasant boy, who had taught it to shoulder a stick like a firelock, and to twirl itself about in a manner difficult to describe, that he called dancing. He sung, at the same time, to animate the poor creature’s reluctant exertions, a little *patois* song, in which the words

dansez a madama were frequently repeated. The tune haunted me for some time afterwards, and was really not inharmonious.’

At Turin, our travellers had occasion to remark the cheapness of living; for five or six hundred a-year, a person might keep two houses (one in Turin, and the other in the country,) a carriage, a box at the opera, an appropriate table, and be able to receive friends with perfect ease. The price of one of the best private boxes at the Opera, does not exceed twelve shillings, and the tickets of admission, are only about fifteen pence.

‘Several of the English nobility have been educated at the University of Turin, which used to be the most considerable in Italy; the system of education having been carried on in a most liberal and gentlemanly style. There is a remarkable and interesting little protestant colony, which also deserves mention,—the Vaudois, who, surviving the cruel persecutions of the dark ages of the church, have for many centuries (certainly before the twelfth) preserved their existence in the midst of this Catholic country, and within thirty miles of its capital. They are a very quiet, moral, and industrious people. They owe their ease and safety to the protection of some of the Protestant powers, and especially that of Great Britain, whose minister is particularly instructed to attend to their interests, and to their enjoyment of the toleration that is allowed them; they are, like our Catholics, deprived of many privileges; but, lately, his present majesty has consented to allow a salary to their priests. Cromwell supported these people with peculiar energy.’

A lady, whom our travellers visited, and who lives in the neighbourhood of Turin, received them very tenderly, and would have entertained them most agreeably had they been able to remain longer; she appears to have been an intelligent woman, and to have expressed herself very judiciously on the character of her countrymen; and as her remarks include an interesting anecdote of Canova, in illustration of their truth, we shall notice them:—

‘Speaking of the Italian character, and more particularly of their excellence in the fine arts, she confirmed the truth of what so many accurate and enlightened observers have remarked, namely, “that the genius of an Italian is so peculiarly indigenous to his native soil, so intimately and vitally dependant upon the favouring and animating breath of his own ardent clime, as to faint, droop, and often wholly to wither, in the chilling atmosphere of foreign lands!” Like the giant son of the earth, who wrestled with Hercules, his power, his very existence, is drawn wholly from thence. Madame de Staël, in her *Corinne* (that work, whose kindling eloquence, depth of feeling, inimitable powers of language, and historical truth, as a portrait of Italy, is so universally admired by the best judges of excellence, and so clamoured against by the tasteless and ignorant cavillers of the day,) has forcibly illustrated this truth; as has also Canova, in his own person. Madame N. related an answer which the latter made to Bonaparte (who had sense and elevation enough to appreciate this modern Praxiteles as he deserved,) upon being reproached for indolence, and want of professional exertions while at Paris: “Emperor!—Canova cannot be Canova but in his native Italy; she is the source of his inspiration; his powers are palsied in the separation!”

In a bookseller’s shop, in Turin, they met with a translation of *Rob Roy*, which was much relished and extremely popular in Italy, and a sermon which had been preached upon the lamented death of the Princess Charlotte, which was highly pathetic, and the expressions of pity and regret, very forcible and natural; this was a tender and soothing gratification to the feelings of our travellers. From Turin, they proceeded to Milan, passed

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the Simplon, and slept at the Dun (l'Etoile) in the village of Simplon, which is 4500 feet above the level of the sea; they successively visited Ferney, the celebrated residence of Voltaire, Geneva, Berne, Douay, &c.

Our extracts will sufficiently explain the nature of the work, and afford ample specimens of Mrs. Baillie's style, which is easy and familiar, but at the same time descriptive; the account of Milan, and of the stupendous scenery of the Simplon, are striking instances of her talents in this respect; of the cathedral of Milan we conclude with a short notice:—

In the first place, the material claims pre-eminence, being entirely of white marble, brought from the Lago Maggiore. It is of gothic architecture, and was begun in the year 1386: the plan of the choir and the two grand organs were given by the celebrated Pellegrini, and the facade, which had remained for so many years unfinished, was completed by Bonaparte, from the simple and superior designs of the architect Amati. Various statues and bas reliefs, with other costly ornaments in spotless marble, ornament the outside; and the interior has no less than five naves, supported by one hundred and sixty superb columns of the same magnificent material. Immediately beneath the dome or cupola, (which is by Brunellesco,) is a subterranean chapel, where sleeps the embalmed body of Saint Carlo Borromeo, (the Howard of his age, and an ancient archbishop of Milan,) enshrined in a coffin of the purest rock chrystal, inclosed in a tomb of solid silver, splendidly embossed, and of enormous size and value. The pillars which support this chapel are alternately of silver and of the most exquisite coloured marble, highly polished. The wax tapers, which were lighted by the guides, to enable us to tread the dark mazes of this magnificent dungeon, (for I can call it by no other name, debarred as it is from the sweet air and light of heaven,) cast a stream of gloomy radiance upon our somewhat lengthened visages, and dimly illuminated the buried treasures of the tomb. Never, surely, since the days of Aladdin, has there existed so imposing a scene of sepulchral wealth and grandeur!

There are six engravings attached to the work, illustrative of some of the most interesting scenes there described; that of the passage of the Simplon, gives a good idea of the awful grandeur of these stupendous mountains.

Minutes taken, (in Session 1818,) before the Committee to whom the Petition of several Inhabitants of London and its Vicinity, complaining of the high price and inferior Quality of Beer, was referred to examine the Matter thereof and report the same, with their Observations thereupon to the House. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 8th April, 1819. Fol. pp. 105. London.

It has been complained, and with some degree of truth, that much of the time, in both houses of Parliament, is often occupied in wordy debate and the discussion of the most trifling subjects, while matters of the highest importance are suffered to pass almost unnoticed; it must, however, be acknowledged, that it is during the sitting of parliament that the public derive the most important information, and that in the numerous committees which are appointed every session, the truth is elicited on questions materially affecting the interests of every individual.

It would be difficult to name a subject in which so large a portion of the community are interested, as that of the price and quality of beer, and during the last few sessions of parliament it has been frequently discussed. Formerly, ale and beer, like bread, were regulated by an assize, which fixed the price and quality, but this law has in both

cases been repealed; and, although we do not wish its revival, we are confident that many less injurious ones are still on the statute book.

In 1818, a petition, from several inhabitants of London and its vicinity, was presented to the House of Commons complaining of the high price and inferior quality of beer; a Committee was appointed, to whom the petition was referred, and it is the evidence adduced before this Committee which we now proceed to notice. The inquiries of the Committee were directed to the price and quality of beer, the fact of adulterations, the innocent or deleterious qualities of such adulterations, and the effects of the licensing system.

On the price of porter, Mr. Barber Beaumont, a gentleman who has taken much interest in this subject, and is a leading member of the Anti-Monopoly Committee stated the inconsistency of the charges made by the brewers at different periods; that when a competition existed, a very small surplus beyond the value of the nominal quantities of malt and hops, was found to be sufficient, but that the price was raised to the public when this competition did not exist, so as to make a very large surplus indeed; as instances that the price of porter was not regulated by the price of malt and hops, he proved, that in 1802, 1803, and 1804, when beer was 5d. per pot, malt and hops, with the duty, were cheaper than in 1801, when beer was only 4½d.; and that, in 1814, when beer was 5½d. per pot, malt and hops were cheaper than in 1812, when it was only 5d. Mr. Beaumont's opinion is, that monopoly is the immediate cause of the extravagant price of beer, and that 'the remote one is the licensing system, which endows certain gentlemen with the power of saying who shall sell beer, and where only beer shall be sold.'

The statement of Mr. Beaumont, as to the price of malt and hops, on which he grounded his inferences, are proved not to be very accurate by some malt-makers and malt factors, and by Mr. Perkins, but they do not in any material degree affect the conclusion, that the price of porter has not been regulated by the prices of the materials of which it is avowedly made. Mr. Walsby, a brewer, delivered in a statement of the capital employed in a brewery on a large scale, and the estimated expense, by which it would appear, that a profit of seven and a-half per cent. after paying interest on the capital, is gained.

On the subject of adulteration there is much curious evidence, and a list of persons so offending who have been prosecuted; by which it appears, that among the minor brewers, it is an offence of very common occurrence. Among what are termed the eleven principal brewers, however, there has been but one offending; it was the house of Mr. Thomas Meux, of Liquorpond Street. Mr. John Fitchew, an officer of excise, was examined on this subject, and deposed as follows:—

'I had an information, about six years ago, that Thomas Meux, of Liquorpond Street, received improper ingredients; the information did not go to state what, because I did not know what it was. I gave an officer directions to watch the premises where it was said to come from; in about five o'clock in the morning he called on me to go with him, and we saw two carts come, and load a number of casks; I followed them, in company with this officer, as far as Saint Paul's Church Yard, when, the carman being engaged on account of a stoppage, I got into the cart, and though I did not know of what the articles consisted, I was aware that it was an article that a brewer ought not to receive.'

Did you taste it?—I did.

What taste had it?—Salt.

Was it pungent?—Rather so. I gave direction to the officer, (my duty calling me another way,) to seize it if it went on to a brewer's premises; he followed it, and it was taken out of those carts, and put into a cellar at the wharf near Billingsgate, and supposing it had got to the end of its destination, returned to me. I directed him to go back immediately, and continue there for some time; he did so, and in a few minutes after I got there, a dray arrived, with two horses, from Thomas Meux's; he followed the dray, after it was loaded, to Thomas Meux's. Some one came out of the house, and said a something to the drayman, upon which the drayman turned the horses about, and departed from there to a wharf; I think it is called White Friars; it is near St. Bride's Church; I think it is White Friars, but I did not come prepared with that; the officer followed it in, and seized it there; the horses, the dray, and the casks with the liquor in it. Soon after the house compromised with the Commissioners of Excise, I believe, for a hundred pounds; and the forfeiture of the horses and dray, which had been released on bond, I think, for 150l., within a trifle of that sum, but I do not speak positively.

When you say the house, what house do you mean?—I mean Thomas Meux's. The officer is in the way, if the Committee wish to examine him.

What is his name?—Thomas Pusney.

Can you give the Committee any information of what that liquor was?—The carman informed me, that he had been in the habit of carrying it many times; and that they had deprived him of a lucrative situation.

From where?—From the place where they took it up; from China Mews to Billingsgate.

Where is China Mews?—Near Bedford Square.

What was done at Billingsgate; was it unloaded there, and put upon the dray, and carried to the brewery?—It was first taken out of the cart, and put into a cellar at Billingsgate; cards were then nailed on the heads of the casks, with the name of Bishop upon them, which is Mr. Meux's export clerk; they returned it upon the drays as if it had been returned coastway beer; at least it was brought in upon the dray as if it had been returned beer, which had been sent out as coastway beer.

All this to avoid detection?—No doubt of it; because the thing was first made about three quarters of a mile from the brewery, then carried to a distance of two miles, and then carried to Billingsgate. I only mentioned the first place, because I heard of the other from a carman. I saw it first at China Mews, but the powder was first made, as I was informed, in Gray's Inn Road, but I was told that it was afterwards carried to China Mews, where it was made into the liquid.

In justice to the parties, however, we must add an extract from the evidence of Mr. Wheeler, the patentee of the new invented malt, who furnished the liquid, by which it appears, that the article so seized was not deleterious:—

Give your account of the transaction just alluded to?—The article that was made for Liquorpond Street, and which was seized by Mr. Fitchew, was merely a solution of salt of tartar; it was merely for correcting the acidity of beer; at that time, the brewery was got rather out of order; in fact, some of the young beer, as well as other, had a propensity to turn acid, and it was in the summer of 1813, I believe; and this salt of tartar has the effect of neutralizing the acid, and thereby prevents the acetous fermentation going on in a great measure, and in my opinion makes the beer more wholesome than it is in the acid state; it is a thing commonly used in a variety of ways. Housekeepers for culinary purposes use it. I have in my hand a cookery-book written by a lady, in which it is stated to be used in boiling vegetables; and it appears also under the head of home-brewing. It is mentioned that "when

thunder or hot weather causes beer to turn sour, a spoonful or more of salt of wormwood, which is the same thing with salt of tartar, when put into the jug will rectify that quality. I have a friend, who, when he is in the habit of going where beer is sour, or too stale for his palate, uses a little of it.

Will it restore beer to a sound state, or prevent the acetous fermentation going on?—It prevents the evil that was going on increasing; by the acetous fermentation increasing, it injures the beer by destroying the alcohol; you may take the article from malt and hops the very same sort of thing; malt and hops contain the element, though in a combined state.

Will it be at all injurious to the constitution of the person who drinks the beer, if too great a quantity is mixed in the beer?—In fact too great a quantity of many things may be injurious; but if a quantity that was likely to be injurious was mixed, it would be so nauseous people would not drink it; I am frequently in the habit of taking it myself as a medicine.

Mr. Jackson produced a list of fifty-six convictions in three years, viz. seventeen against brewers for having molasses in their possession; fourteen against persons for selling molasses to a brewer; thirteen against persons for making beer with other ingredients than malt and hops; three for mixing table-beer with strong beer, &c. Much more evidence was adduced to prove the use of prohibited ingredients by the small brewers. Mr. Perkins, of the house of Barclay and Perkins, and Mr. Calvert, were examined, and denied most positively that any thing deleterious was used in their breweries, or that there was any injunction of secrecy, (as had been stated,) in the persons they employed; Mr. Charles Barclay was also examined, and declared that their house brewed from malt and hops only, and did not even use legal colouring.

Mr. Hume, the chemist, and Mr. Arthur Aikin, the secretary to the Society of Arts, were examined as to the deleterious qualities of the ingredients said to be used in adulterating beer, and they both declared the difficulty of detecting vegetable substances; sulphate of iron, or green copers, when used in too great a quantity, was no doubt deleterious, and the extract of opium particularly injurious to the constitution; they both agreed that London porter was not unwholesome, and much superior to that in the country, which is heady and intoxicating, and produces a violent effect upon the stomach and bowels.

The evidence on the effects of the licensing system is contradictory; there is, however, little doubt that the monopoly of the brewers of public houses, gives them a power over the retailers, which may often be exercised very oppressively, and much to the disadvantage of the public.

Travels in Greece, Turkey, and the Holy Land, in 1817 and 1818. By Count Forbin. 8vo. pp. 180. London, 1819.

This is an English translation of a considerable part of an expensive French work, just published in Paris. Count Forbin's narrative is but short, and is intended, as he tells us in the introduction, merely as a text, by which the embellishments are illustrated; it is however written in a spirited manner, and, as every thing relating to countries formerly so distinguished, cannot fail of being interesting we regret that he has not been more minute in his descriptions.

At Athens, Count Forbin met with many well-informed Greeks, who support with painful indignation, the yoke imposed on them; they were pensive and sullen, and look forward to independence as the Jews expect the Messiah.

Athens has been so much despoiled of its monuments, that our traveller could not find more than twenty-eight metopes on the two façades of the Temple of Minerva, and one only, that of the south-west angle, in a tolerable state of preservation.

After Lord Elgin's departure, the vacant space of the cariatid, which stood in the angle of the Pandrosos, was filled up by a pillar of masonry. This statue, which he took away with him, was the one the best preserved. On the one next to it was inscribed *OPUS PHIDIAE*; and on the misshapen pillar, *OPUS ELGIN.*

At Megara, the ruins of which are the most ancient in Greece, and which has now a population of four thousand inhabitants, our author was present at an Athenian wedding:—

The parties were of an ordinary condition: Spfro, the son of Kthnia, espoused the daughter of Georgi, belonging to the parish of Panagia Ulassaro. The young bride was agreeable, but disfigured by a profusion of gilt paper, by patches, and by the deep red and blue with which her cheeks were bedaubed. She was so encumbered with a load of garments that she could scarcely walk, and required the help of several young women, when she made her circuits round the large tapers placed in the centre of the apartments. The three papas (Greek priests) sung with a nasal twang; and every quarter of an hour the bride and bridegroom were led to an alcove, where they were seated, surrounded by their nearest relatives. Among the more opulent Greeks, this ceremony usually lasts for a considerable time.

The following illiberal observation is unworthy of a traveller, professing a love of science and the arts, which are of no country:—

I fell in at Athens with several rich Englishmen, whose important business it was to traverse Greece with all possible rapidity. I met also with several English and German artists, the latter of whom had spent several years in drawing and measuring, with the minute precision of a scrupulous commentator, these monuments, the noble creation of genius. These wretched slaves of rules, of the slightest caprices of the ancients, write volumes to point out an error of three lines, committed in 1680, in the measurement of an architrave. They pore, sleep, and remain eight years at Athens, to draw three columns. It is their practice to erect a small house at a spot they select for their perspective; and their dismal productions in water-colours require several years to be brought to the highest degree of their wearisome perfection. They have established a small academy, and assemble at stated periods, to honour and praise each other. One of them undertakes the literary department, and pens, in German Greek, harsh dissertations, to demonstrate that, (thanks to the progress of time, and the procession of the equinoxes) the arts can no longer flourish out of Norway, or among certain southern nations, such as the Prussians and Bavarians.

From the account of Jerusalem we extract a description of the Holy Sepulchre. The dome of the circular church, in the middle of which the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre is placed, was lowered on the 12th of October, 1807, and rebuilt six months after:—

The Holy Sepulchre is a low marble altar, seven feet in length, and two and a half in breadth, enclosed in a small square chapel built of marble, lighted by rich and magnificent lamps, and entirely covered by hangings of velvet. A painting within, above the sacred stone, represents the triumph of Jesus Christ over death. It is impossible not to feel a profound emotion, not to be impressed with a religious awe, on seeing this humble tomb, the possession of which has given rise to more disputes than that of the finest earthly thrones; of this tomb the power of which has survived empires, which

has been so often bedewed with the tears of repentance and of hope, and from above which the most ardent supplications daily ascend to heaven. In this mysterious tabernacle, before this altar of perfumes, to which our attention has been directed from our earliest infancy, we feel an irresistible influence—an overpowering delight. This is the land promised by the prophets, and guarded by angels, to which the tiara of Constantine, and the brilliant helmet of Tancred, did homage. Lastly, it would seem that the regards of the eternal are more specially fixed on this monument, the sacred pledge of the pardon and redemption of man.

I quitted the chapel, and spent an hour in visiting the different stations, which the Italian monks who accompanied me explained. By several lateral naves, beneath lofty vaults supported by columns of an order of architecture unknown to me, we proceeded, sometimes amid the glare of thousands of lamps, and at others, feebly aided by the uncertain light let in by small glazed windows. "Here," said my conductors, "Christ was scourged; here," proceeding onward, "his head was invested with the crown of thorns;" and, still farther, "here lots were drawn for his garments." Having ascended by a flight of steps, winding spirally round an enormous pillar, we entered another church, on the pavement of which they imprinted kisses: it was Golgotha. A monk who was still busied in reciting his prayers, pointed to a gate through which the cleft in the rock, where our Saviour's cross was fixed, was to be seen. "Here," said he, "is the place where opprobrium and sorrow aided death to consummate the triumph of sin. Here was committed the crime which dismayed the heavens, scared the sepulchres, and shook the remotest foundations of the earth."

Christians of Coptos, of Yemen, and of Abyssinia, were there prostrated at the side of the pilgrim of Tobolsk, of Novogorod, or of Teflis. In quitting this hallowed spot, I said to myself, alas! that the sensations which these great remembrances kindle in my soul should be vain, useless, and lost to others! What has the obscure traveller, sentenced to oblivion, whose passage through life will not leave any earthly trace, to do here? How is he to speak of Jerusalem, he whose noblest emotions were stifled between the prejudices and the conformities of the old world? Can he comprehend these mysterious and prophetic monuments, he whose regrets, the sad inheritance of the commerce of men, and of the passions of youth, are what alone bind him to the earth?

An interesting tale, related by an Arab, concludes this work, which is embellished with eleven engravings, including a general view of Jerusalem, view of Bethlehem, interior of the church, the River Jordan, the Dead Sea, &c. We ought to add, that Forbin's narrative forms the fifth number of 'The Modern Voyages and Travels,' and is a striking instance of the liberality of the publishers of that interesting and popular work.

A Classical Tour through Italy and Sicily; tending to illustrate some Districts which have not been described by Mr. Eustace, in his Classical Tour. By Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart. 4to. pp. 557. London, 1819.

(Continued from our last.)

It would far exceed the limits of any review to attempt an analysis of a work which presents, in every page, descriptions of those venerated relics of antiquity which are endeared to us by a thousand recollections; we can, therefore, only seize on a few select passages. The itinerary of Horace, who, in company of Heliodorus, journeyed from Rome to Brundisium, along the Via Appia, to effect a reconciliation between Octavius Caesar and Mark Antony, and which gave rise to the poets interesting narrative, will be read with eagerness by all the admirers of that humorous bard.

In an excursion to Isola and Sora, our author visited the convents of Casamare and Trisulto; these dreary abodes, 'occupied by men condemned to perpetual silence, devoted to fasting and prayer, cut off from the society of parents and friends, dead to all the joys and comforts of life, and consigned to cheerless labour and unceasing mortification.' Of the austerities of the convent of Casamare, we have the following account:—

'On entering these cloistered walls, I felt an involuntary sensation of awe. All was still and solemn. I inquired for the Padre Abate, and signified my desire to see him. The porter nodded assent; and, after a considerable interval of suspense, the superior appeared, and with the utmost civility conducted me through the monastery. I went first to the church, which is old, and presenting in its architecture a mixture of the Norman and Gothic styles; then to the capitolo, the library, refectory, and other apartments; all of which exhibit peculiar neatness and cleanliness. Round the convent is an enclosed portion of ground, where the monks labour three hours every day, partly in the morning and partly in the evening. At seven o'clock they retire to rest, and rise again at two in the morning; from which time they spend several hours successively in the offices of religion. Their diet is much more simple than that of any other religious order, consisting only of eggs, herbs, pastry, and fruits; and their silence is perpetual. Such, indeed, is the austerity of their rule, that with them life can merely be termed existence.

'Sic sine vita

Vivere quam triste, est, sic sine morte mori.

'Among many sentences, expressive of their religious duties and maxims, which are inscribed on various parts of the building, I observed the following, near the refectory:—

'Jejunium amare; corpus castigare; delicias non amplecti. On all the gates of the enclosed garden is an anathema, denounced against females who may enter this hallowed precinct:—

'Scommunica per le donne, che entreranno nella pastoreccia.

'The superior, besides shewing me every possible attention, pressed me to take up my lodging for the night within the convent. As an additional temptation, he apprised me, that at two in the morning he would awake, and summon me to the choir. I felt so little of the spirit which distinguishes the order, that I begged leave to decline the invitation.

'The situation of this establishment is devoid of every charm; for it is exposed to a scorching sun, surrounded by a country moderately hilly, and destitute of wood. Near the convent is a bridge, bearing marks of antiquity, and surmounted by an aqueduct. It is supposed that the celebrated Caius Marius had a villa near this spot; and that the modern name of the place is derived from him. A branch of the Via Latina may also have led through this place to Sora, &c.'

Of the Claudian Emissary, that stupendous work on which thirty thousand men were employed for eleven years, we have an interesting description:—

'The frequent inundations of the Fucine Lake induced the Marsi, in whose territory it was situated, to present a petition to the emperor, praying for relief against so serious an injury. This application, which received no attention from Julius, Augustus, and Tiberius, was taken into consideration by Claudius. The work was completed; but the canal was not sufficiently deep to drain off the superfluous waters. Orders were therefore given, by the same emperor, to remedy this defect; but death prevented the termination of so grand and useful an undertaking. The length of the Emissary is estimated at above three miles. It commences in the plain near the Lake, traverses a mountain of solid rock, and afterwards pursues its course through the Campi Palentini, to Capistrello, where it discharges itself into the River Liris. At certain intervals were wells, or apertures, crossing the channel,

called *pozzi* and *cunicoli**, serving a double purpose, namely, to admit air, and remove the materials, as the excavation proceeded. At each end of the mountain were *cunicoli*, of larger dimensions, intersecting its direction at right angles; one of which, nearest the lake, has been recently cleaned. Where the bed of natural stone fails, the sides and roof have been supplied by *opus reticulatum*, and other brick work. The present mouth of the Emissary is far advanced in the Lake, and considerably below the ordinary surface of the water. The sudden rise and fall of this lake have never been satisfactorily explained; and the only exit for the superfluous water has been fixed by Fabretti, and others, to the south of Luco; which is regarded as the natural outlet of the river Pitonius, now La Pedogna. The modern chapel of St. Vincenzo, situated near the spot, is supposed to have risen on the ruins of a temple, dedicated to the deity of the lake, under the appellation of Fucinus, which is thus recorded in a votive tablet:—

'C. GAVIVS. H. F. C. VEREDVS. G. F. MESALLA. FVCINO. V. S. L. M.'

To commemorate the completion of the undertaking, the emperor exhibited a naval combat on the Fucine Lake, which has been recorded by Tacitus and Suetonius; ships of three and even four banks of oars were equipped by Claudius, carrying on board no less than nineteen thousand armed men; redoubts were raised on the banks of the lake, with engines for throwing massive stones, and all kinds of missile weapons:—

'The mariners and combatants filled the decks. An incredible number of spectators from the neighbouring towns, and even from Rome, crowded to the banks of the lake, to enjoy the spectacle, or pay court to the emperor. The banks, the rising ground, the ridge of the adjacent hills, presented to the eye a magnificent scene, in the form of an amphitheatre. Claudius and Agrippina presided at the spectacle; the prince in a superb coat of mail, and the empress in a splendid mantle, which was a complete tissue of gold. The fleet was manned with malefactors; but the battle was nevertheless fought with heroic bravery. After many wounds and a great effusion of blood, the survivors were excused from fighting to destruction, as a favour, for the deeds of valour which they had performed.'

Bridges were afterwards thrown over the lake, which were so constructed as to afford room for a foot engagement; a show of gladiators was exhibited on this prodigious platform, and near the mouth of the lake a sumptuous banquet was prepared, but the spot was ill chosen, and the weight of the water, rushing down with irresistible force, carried away the contiguous parts of the works, and shook the whole fabric, to the astonishment of Claudius, and the alarm of all around him.

Some incidents of this famous spectacle, so much superior to our jubilee Naumachia on the Serpentine, are thus recorded by Suetonius:—

'Immediately before the discharging of the Fucine lake, he exhibited upon it a naval fight. But those on board the fleets crying out, 'Health attend you, noble emperor: dying men salute you;' and he replying, 'Health attend you too;' they all refused to fight, as if by that answer he meant to excuse them. Upon this incident, he was in doubt within himself whether he should not destroy them all by fire and sword. At last, leaping from his seat, running along the side of the lake, and reeling to a ridiculous degree, he, partly by fair words and partly by reproaches, persuaded them to engage. One of the fleets was from Sicily, the other from

* 'The *pozzi* were square apertures, cut perpendicularly from the hill to the level of the aqueduct: the *cunicoli* varied in form, being dug obliquely from the top to the bottom.'

Rhodes; consisting each of twelve ships of war, of three banks of oars. The signal of charge was given by a silver triton, raised by mechanism."

We defer an account of the author's tour through Sicily and Malta, to our next.

The Tale of Gismunda and Guiscardo, a Poem. By William Wilnot, LL. B. 8vo. pp. 80. London, 1819.

THIS poem, in four cantos, is founded on what a melodramatic writer would call a 'terrific incident' which occurred at a period, when doting lovers and cruel fathers were as frequent as in our own days; Gismunda, the daughter of Tancred, Prince of Salerno, and widow of 'proud Capua's lord' falls in love with Guiscardo, her father's page, an orphan, who had been left at his door, and marries him clandestinely. Tancred discovers their affection for each other, shuts Guiscardo in a dungeon, and causes him to be murdered, then sends his heart in a gold cup to his daughter; she, determined not to survive the death of her lover, pours a deadly potion over the bleeding heart, and drinks it; and Tancred died soon afterwards of grief for the loss of his daughter.

This tale, which though not new, might in able hands, have formed a very spirited poem, but Mr. Wilnot's muse is not a muse of fire, and he has contrived to render the tale more uninteresting than we thought it possible; and we can assure such of our readers as may have a dread of the horrible, that the account of presenting the bleeding heart of her lover to Gismunda, is narrated so tamely, that there is very little danger of their being affected by it. The language of this poem, which is so entirely destitute of dignity, is often unpoetical, and there is a very injudicious use of triplets, sometimes three or four in succession. We select one passage, the account of Gismunda drinking the poisonous draught:—

'Long streamed her tears, silent as vernal shower,
Or summer-dews, that fall at eve-tide hour;
At length they ceased: and as just lingering still,
'Ere yet he dips behind the western hill,
We see the sun, whose disk damp evening shrouds,
Peep out an instant through the watery clouds
Shorn of his beams, yet lovingly and calm,
After the still deep rain's refreshing balm:
'E'en so her visage, when her head she reared
From off the cup, to all around appeared.
"Beloved heart! to thee my task is done:
I've washed thee in my tears: I come! I come!"
Then pointing 'ere she spoke, "yon ewer bring here:
"Laura, go thou." 'Twas brought—all gaze—all fear.
As on the entrails Priestesses of old
Poured the libation, awful to behold!
Their eyes with one arm bare to heaven upraised,
While th' ewer the other emptying, mute they gazed:
So on the heart beloved she poured the draught,
Grasped the gold cup—the deadly potion quaffed.
Then with the air, the dignity of queen,
Her canopy ascended, calm, serene:
There laid her down, and decently to die
Drew down her robe, and pulled the curtains nigh,
Placed on her heart the cup, wherein his clay
So dear was lodged, and held it as she lay
With eyes upraised—and thus composed and mute
Awaited death—determined—resolute.'

This is by no means an unfavourable passage, and yet we think it will justify all that we have said of the poem.

Original Correspondence.

MOCK BAIL; OR, KNIGHTS OF THE POST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—The newspapers of last week inform us of a man being put in the pillory for perjury, as mock or fictitious bail; this, though seldom punished, is a crime of the greatest frequency, and nothing is more easy, as I am informed, than to procure men, who, for a trifling compensation, will become security to any amount, and unblushingly make oath that they are possessed of double the sum, while, at the same time, they are not worth a shilling; this might appear an alarming state of society, but it is by no means a new one, and mock bail, like many other crimes, is one of great antiquity. In the British Museum there is a curious old black letter tract, entitled, 'The Discoverie of the Knights of the Poste: or the Knightes of the post, or comon baylers newly discovered. Wherein is shewed, and plainly laid open, many lewde actions, and subtill deuises, which are daily practised by them, to the great abuse of most honourable Councelers, learned Judges, and other grave Maiestrates, and also to the defrauding and utter undoing of a greater number of her Maiestie's good and loyal subjects. By E. S. London, 1597.' In this tract there is a full exposure of the practices of the mock bailers, or, as they were then called, the 'Knights of the Post,' which will be found to differ very little from those of our own day. The pamphlet is in a dialogue, which two travellers, journeying the same way, and who had formerly known each other, are supposed to enter into; one of them says—'But hearest thou, Goodcoll, I pray thee say, how doe all our ancient acquaintance, the good oath-takers or common baylers, alias the Knightes of the Poste, the lords of lobs pound, and heires apparent to the pillory, who are as ready to baile men out of prison, being then well pleased for their paines, as Tiron is in playing the Traitor without causes. Tush, quoth Goodcoll, that fraternity of falsehood and fellowship of fraud, doth never lightly passe out of the old byas, they are all in health, though void of honesty; some are at liberty to seeke a dinner where they can get it, and some, to spare shoe-leather, lies in prison; L., that old lad, is foorth coming, though not coming foorth, having the privilege to walke his stations in one of the counters in London, and so are divers others of the same profession.'

Others are described as likely to 'live till shame either prefers them to the pillory, or misery ende their daies,' and of another we have the following quaint account, 'But as concerning olde father C. why man hee is aulde suresby, as trustie as steele, and one that alwaies helpes at a dead lift: for, after he hath smugd up himselfe in his borrowed apparell, with his great sealer ring on his finger, of pure copper and guilt, when he comes to baile a man before a judge, being demanded if hee be a subsidie man or no, straight answers, that it shall please your good lordshippe, I have been a subsidy man this twenty winters and upwards. And then he swears that he was seized at five pounds in the queene's books the last sessment of the subsidie; and farder affirms it on his credit, which is as good in Cheap-side as it is at the pudding-py house, where they will not trust him for twopence.'

They are stated to often change their names, and seldom give their residence, for 'if they shoulde not change their

names, and, like Proteus, turne their shapes sometimes, they woulde often be had by the backe for their knavery.'

A legal friend of mine, who is too often doomed to witness the conduct of the 'Knights of the Post' of the present day, tells me, that a more accurate portrait could not be drawn of them, than the one above quoted, and which was written more than two centuries ago. If we cannot say with Solomon, 'there is nothing new under the sun,' we are often compelled to admit, that much that has the appearance of novelty, either as to the manners of a people, or as to their inventions, has been well known at a very remote period.

I am, Sir, &c.

FITZHENRY.

MY GRANDFATHER

Is in his eightieth year, tall, and of a thin habit of body, except in the lower parts of his legs, which are encircled over his ancles with the ambitious gout. When observed leaving his dwelling, to pay his regular visit to the tavern, to read the newspaper, his clean appearance and healthy countenance arrest the passing spectator with admiration. When he walks, he is a living picture, (not obscured by smoke as those pictures of ancient painters,) and on a fine day, his steel watch-chain, silver knee-clasps and shoe-buckles, glitter with brightness: the paragon of human neatness, not a hair is to be seen on his suit of black; his wig, with three rows of white curls, is unruffled; and his cane, the obedient servant of a long series of years, aids his stooping position to the place of his destination. Should he meet an acquaintance, his deportment is gentlemanly, his voice pleasant, and his manners are prepossessingly affable; while a hearty shake of the hand bespeaks his sincerity: but of the fair sex he is still the honey-tongued speaker, a bean of the last century, fluent in that kind of language which rarely fails to draw a smile, and which ever ensures a cordial approbation. When he enters the coffee-room, a seat, to which he is accustomed, is resigned, if previously occupied, in his favour. His usual liquor is a glass of negus, and sometimes, though not often, a shilling's worth of punch. No sooner has he sat down, than he secures the paper; and his shagreen spectacle-case is unclasped for its tortoise-shell contents to take their wonted stride athwart his nose. Is there a question of debate unanswered? He deliberately gives his opinion with the decision of an enlightened magistrate. His afternoons thus enjoyed, he spends his evenings at home with a pipe, when his relatives have free access to his conversations and his library; nothing gives him more pleasure than that his grandchildren should listen attentively to his past adventures, which are truly profitable to hear, for he never concludes them without a suitable moral application. When asked the reasons why he enjoys so much of happy life, he replies,—'my dear friends, from my youth, my parents most strictly enjoined me to regard three things—temperance, exercise, and integrity; and I trust I have never forgotten the inexpressible value of them; they influence me; they have made me fortunate, respected, and comfortable. I can embrace Content as my wife; Religion as my instructress, and Happiness as that guest in which I am blest here and hope to be hereafter.' In such society may we be found! and may every one have so amiable a grandfather to instruct his tender years; and surely the tears of real sorrow will flow like a pure stream from a chrystal fountaip, when time shall snatch his spirit from this world.

J. R. P.

VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS.

THERE has recently been a terrible eruption of Mount Etna; the torrents of lava which descended from the volcano, nearly threatened the destruction of the city of Catania, and covered the surrounding plains. A corresponding eruption took place at Vesuvius, though the latter has been without commotion for the last seven years. The lava ran in the direction of Pompeia. At the same time, Viterbo was visited by the shock of an earthquake.

Accounts from Sicily state, that in April last, on a fine clear day, a loud detonation was heard at Massa-Lubrensa, accompanied by a slight shock, which was supposed to be the effect of earthquake. On the following day, however, it was discovered that the grounds in the vicinity had changed appearance, presenting deep crevices and hollows; and from the masses of stones contained in them, it was easy to conjecture, that the phenomenon was the effect of volcanic fires.

IMPERIAL VISIT TO MOUNT VESUVIUS.

THE Emperor and Empress of Austria, accompanied by the Prince of Salerno and the Princess Amelia of Saxony, ascended Mount Vesuvius, on the 20th of May last, at eleven o'clock at night. They remained at a little distance from the crater, until five o'clock in the morning, in order to observe, during the night, the brilliant spectacle of the volcanic eruptions, and to enjoy, at the same time, the magnificent picture which the Bay of Naples presents at sunrise.

The Duke de Torre, well known for his learned observations on Vesuvius, and Chevalier de Gimbernati, Councillor of Legation to the King of Bavaria, who has been recently engaged in new researches on the volcano, had the honour of acting as guides to the august party. The Emperor observed with the greatest attention, all that was remarkable in the volcanic phenomena, and shewed equal sagacity and justness in his reflections on the subject. The Empress also shewed, by her courage in braving fatigue, and by the acuteness of her remarks, her taste for the study of nature.

Their majesties wished to see a fountain which Chevalier de Gimbernati has found on the very crater of Vesuvius, by means of an apparatus which condenses the vapours, into a potable water clear as crystal; but some burning stones, ejected violently from the crater, having fallen around the fountain, rendered the access to it too dangerous. In order, however, to satisfy in part, the curiosity of their majesties, a resolute individual volunteered to try and bring some water out of the region of fire, and he succeeded in obtaining a pitcher full. The Emperor drank of it, and remarked that it had the taste of being boiled. It may not, perhaps, be amiss to observe that this water contains neither salts nor sulphur, nor any other mineral principle.

During two hours which their majesties passed on the summit of the mountain afront of the crater, Vesuvius displayed, as if in emulation, all its magnificence. Immense jets of flame, volumes of burning stones ejected to a prodigious height, and occasionally violent explosions, continued in succession, to impress the minds of the royal visitors with the most sublime ideas of this wonderful spectacle.

ON THE ORIGIN OF TRIALS BY JURY.

[From the Charge of the Chief Justice of the Province of Lower Canada, to the Grand Jury of that District.]

IN the administration of justice in criminal cases, our law has wisely provided for the accusation and trial of every culprit by his peers; and, with a view to his protection against the possibility of oppression, has rendered the indictment of a grand jury, and the verdict of a petit jury, alike indispensably necessary to his condemnation.

The trial by jury, in civil cases, is undoubtedly of great antiquity, of an origin so remote, that the earliest accounts of the northern nations of Europe, in which it appears to have been almost universally in practice, afford us proofs of its existence. But the previous accusation of suspected persons in criminal cases, by one jury of twelve or more of their fellow subjects, and a subsequent trial thereupon, by a second jury of twelve others, is a course of proceedings which seems to have been adopted in England only, and to have arisen, with the great principles of her constitution, out of events and circumstances peculiar to herself.

In the Saxon government of England, we find the origin of the Grand jury: the counties were then divided into hundreds, which were again divided into decennaries; of the former, each contained, within its limits, one hundred families; of the latter, each contained ten. It was required of every man, that he should be enrolled in some decennary, and those who were not, were considered, if not as offenders, at least in the light of suspected persons, and as such were committed to custody, until some decennary should receive them, and thereby become pledges for their good behaviour: every member of the subdivisions being security to the crown for the conduct of the others, and bound that all and every of them should keep the king's peace, should be in all respects of good behaviour, and should abide by the inquiries and awards of justice.

To ensure the effect of this obligation, the sheriff of each county, as the guardian of the public peace within its limits, perambulated his bailiwick twice in every year, and in each hundred held his court or torn: an appellation which in England is now perhaps obsolete, but which the annual torn of the courts of law in this province renders still familiar and intelligible to us. Before this officer, in every hundred, were impanelled twelve men, summoned from several decennaries of which the hundred was composed, in such manner that one at least was returned by each of them. This inquest investigated the state of the hundred, inquired into the conduct of its members, and upon specific articles of charge referred to them by the sheriff, or by their own presentment, accused all who had been guilty of offences.

In consequence of the Norman conquest, the torn of the sheriff, so far as it related to criminal cases, was superseded by the appointment of justices in eyre, who made circuits through the whole kingdom, and held their court in each county, where they took cognizance of every crime committed within its precincts.

To this court in eyre, the practice of the sheriff's jurisdiction was transferred, and the king's subjects were, as before, called upon to assist his judges, in the detection of offenders against his laws; but the jury, which was thus summoned, in consequence of the courts being held, not merely for the hundred in which it met, but for the whole county, was very greatly augmented in number. The bailiff, or chief peace officer of each hundred, was first sworn to

choose four knights out of his hundred, and these took oath, that they would faithfully elect twelve other knights, or, if knights could not be had, twelve 'good and lawful freemen,' not suspected of the death of any man, or of breaches of the peace, or other offences, but qualified to despatch the king's business; and by these means a jury was impanelled, composed of twelve jurors, for every hundred in the county.

It is material to observe, that the finding of the jury was not in the Saxon, nor in the Norman period of English history, conclusive against any who were accused by it. In the Saxon period, the person indicted was discharged, in minor offences, upon his own oath of his innocence, and the oaths of an indeterminate number of his friends and neighbours, who vouched for his credit, and swore to their belief that he had spoken the truth; in major offences, by a successful appeal to the judgment of heaven, by the ordeal of fire or water. In the Norman period, the ordeal was succeeded by the trial by battle, which, though equally uncertain and equally impious, was more consonant to the martial spirit of the age; and the Saxon purgation, by the oaths of an uncertain number, was succeeded by the canonical purgation, as then practised in the ecclesiastical courts, by which the oaths of twelve persons, at least, selected by the accused, and sworn to their belief of his innocence, were required for his exculpation.

The trial by battle declined as the influence of the clergy increased, while the canonical purgation fell rapidly into disrepute and disuse, from the vast complication of perjury, and subornation of perjury, to which it gave rise, and to these modes of trial, (if they deserve that name,) succeeded in the courts in eyre another course of proceedings, which, as it is evidently the origin of our present practice, and has been accurately preserved to us, deserves a more particular attention.

The commissions from which the justices derived their authority being first openly read, and the jurors being elected, as the twelve of each hundred appeared, the first juror took an oath in the following words: 'hear this ye justices, that I will speak the truth of that which you shall command me on the part of our lord the king, nor will I for any thing omit so to do, according to my ability, so help me God, and these holy Gospels.' The remaining eleven were then sworn, each in the following words: 'The oath which he, (John,) here hath taken, I will keep on my part, so help me God, and these holy Gospels.' The justices then read to them the charge and articles of inquiry, as in the Saxon times, enlarging upon the benefits which followed from keeping the peace and good order, noticing the violations of the laws which had been committed within the county, and requiring the whole assembly to give every assistance in their power for the discovery of all offences and offenders. The jury was then informed, that if they knew of any suspected persons, they were bound instantly to cause them to be apprehended, if they could be found, if not, to convey their names to the justices in a schedule, privately, that they might not escape, but be secured. The jury then proceeded to inquire into all the matters contained in the charge and articles of inquiry, and presented all whom they judged to be offenders, upon their own knowledge or upon evidence. The accused was then put to plead, and if he denied the charge after hearing him and his witnesses, it was recommitted to the jury, who were desired by the justices to consider their accusation, and upon a review of

the subject, and of all that was connected with it, to say, by a free declaration, or verdict, whether, in fact, he was guilty or not guilty, and, according to their verdict, he was acquitted or condemned.

The danger of submitting to the same persons, the power of accusing and the power of deciding upon the validity of their own accusation, being soon particularly illustrated, suggested not only the expediency, but the necessity of a second distinct and independent jury, and from hence, (to the exclusion of all the preceding modes of trial,) arose the petty jury, or jury of trial in criminal cases. In contradistinction to the grand jury, or jury of accusation, the title of the petit or smaller jury, which, in imitation of the canonical purgation, to which it succeeded, was composed of twelve persons, and the title of the grand or greater jury, which, though afterwards reduced to twenty-three, was then a very numerous body, being derived from the superiority of the one, and the inferiority of the other, in point of numbers.

In this brief summary, we can trace the principles of the duty of grand jurors at this day, in many respects.

AN AFRICAN PRINCE.

A Narrative of the Voyage to the Congo says:—'In the forenoon, while waiting for the sea-breeze, the Mafooka of Shark Point did the adventurers the honour of paying them a visit. In order to give them an idea of his importance, he made his appearance attended by a half dozen miserable looking wretches, who had the felicity to be attached to his august person. This fellow, though as ragged a ruffian as could be well conceived, expected to be treated with all the respect due to a prince. The side-ropes covered with canvas were not good enough for a person of his rank; superior accommodation he held to be due to his condescension; and, acting on this persuasion, he demanded that a chair, with a cushion, should be provided for him, on the quarter deck. In this last-mentioned particular it was impossible for them to comply with his wishes, and he was obliged to be satisfied with an ensign spread over it. His appearance, seated at the taffrail, his otherwise naked body, habited in an old worn-out pelisse of red velvet, edged with gold lace, a green silk umbrella held over his head, though the sun was not out, and his silver-headed stick of office in his hand, was most ludicrous, and furnished as farcical a specimen of poverty and pomp as that presented to our view in the garlic-fed mandarin of Robinson Crusoe. This exhibition took place at the Captain's breakfast hour, and this august personage did not fail to make it known, he had no objection, on such an occasion, to be asked into the cabin. But his desire to partake of a meal with his new friends, was not attended to. Captain Tuckey's politeness, as he expressed himself on this occasion, gave way to his stomach, and his guest was left to amuse himself on deck the best way he could. He was not a little chagrined at being thus treated, but was subsequently brought into good humour by a salute from a swivel, and a plentiful allowance of brandy. It did not appear that he had any other object in coming on board but that of getting a few glasses of liquor, and those given to him pleased him so much, that the voyagers were favoured with his company all that night and the five following days. He informed them that there were three schooners and four pinnaces, all Portuguese, at Embouma, traf-

ficking for slaves. He further told them that, at that season of the year, the transports could get no higher up than Tall-tree Island, about 40 miles up the river, on account of the shallowness of the water."

ANCIENT EXPENDITURE.

Singular articles of expense, extracted from the accounts of Henry VII, in the Exchequer:—

7th year	Itm. to a fello with a berde * a spye in rewarde	£0 40 0
—	to my lorde Onvy, Sealle fole in rewarde	0 10 0
8th year	to Pechie the fole in rewarde	0 6 8
—	to the Walshmen on St. David day	0 40 0
—	to Richd. Bedon for writing of bokes †	0 10 0
—	to the young domoyseil that daun-ceth	30 0 0
13th year	to Mastr. Bray for rewarde to them that brought cokkes ‡ at Shrove-tide at Westminster	0 20 0
—	to the Herytik at Canterbury § ..	0 6 8

THE FUNERAL: A FRAGMENT.

It was an evening in the month of April: a still rain descended from the sky, and a brisk wind blew over the field. The church of —, near —, in Warwickshire, appeared at a distance: its spire glittering with the reflection of the sunbeams, half hid behind the clouds. 'How beautiful,' said I, 'is this picture, and how sweetly does nature sometimes invite to contemplation!'

All was calm and tranquil. I was wrapt in reflection till disturbed by the distant sounds of a sweet and plaintive song. I turned round, and beheld from the adjoining close, a party of men bearing a corpse, and singing a grateful hymn to the memory of their departed friend. The mourners followed—a scattered few—their garments blown out by the wind and in disorder; I observed no pageants nor achievements.

They approached nearer. The chief mourner was a young man: unaffected sorrow shed fast the tributary tears for a brother's loss; but mild resignation and religion permitted no extravagance of grief.

The next who followed was a beautiful young woman, measuring her foot-steps with a dejection that made her still more lovely; an angel's mind seemed to give expression to an angel's face: she mourned incessantly, but her tears fell gently as the summer's shower on a bed of roses.

An older couple followed, the hearty emblems of a well spent life; furrowed with age, but not disease.

'Who are these people?' thought I, following them to the church-yard. We were met by the curate, a tall thin man, in whose countenance gentleness and dignity were blended. All was silent, while he pronounced the last address to departed worth.

The earth was thrown over; while some of the party.

* This was a reign of smooth chins, a beard therefore was a singularity.

† There are many payments for writing books, which shew the slow progress the art of printing made for some years.

‡ Henry VII seems to have been particularly fond of this diversion, as there are many entries of this sort in his accounts.

§ Bacon says, the King had (though he were no schoolman) the honour to convert a heretick at Canterbury.

according to ancient custom, strewed the grave with flowers.

Would that some atheist had been present at this moment! What would he have thought of religion, had he seen with how much sweetness she resigns her children, in full confidence and hope of the love and mercy of heaven?

I inquired who it was that deserved these funeral honours. It was the humble Acasto.

'Farewell, then!' said I, 'for thou art blessed in the mediation of a Saviour, who will have little else to do than to present the scroll of thy virtues to the God of mercy, and place thee amongst the happiest of the happy in a world of bliss.'

Original Poetry.

ON MISS O'NEIL'S PERSONATION OF EVADNE.

O matchless portrait of a matchless fair!
What harrowing traits of misery were there!
Of mental misery—such as must ensue
When lovers faithless are, or friends untrue!
Who can regard the scene of deep distress,
And, as he views, the starting tear repress?
Who hear Evadne's agonizing cry,
Nor feel his heart faint with sad sympathy?
O classic taste, in classic language wrought,
What lessons of morality are taught
By thy just issue! here the noble fire
Of Sophocles' divinely-sweeping lyre,
Skillful portrays to the admiring sense
What woman dares in honour's nice defence:
To what dire woes suspicion leads the way,
By treachery's guileless arts when led astray!
Oh! may such themes long grace the British stage,
And stem the vicious torrent of the age.
May equal bards to equal subjects rise,
And raise Evadne's virtues to the skies!

8th July, 1819.

M.

TO J. R. P.

On reading his *Beautiful Verses*, entitled, '*Love's Repose*,' in the *Literary Chronicle* of July 17, 1819.

Oh! P—r, when you strike the string
In praise of her you justly love,
The eager spirit, list'ning,
Points equal happiness to prove.
For not less potent is thy spell,
Than that which Persia's conqueror sway'd,—
Which old Timotheus taught to swell,
And Alexander's beast obey'd.
Then guard thy rapture swollen strain,
Lest heedless passion rush on pain.
Oh! P—r, now your '*Love's Repose*'
Is shown on that angelic breast,
Declare for why, by what you chose,
How form'd that halcyon place of rest.
Not features, graces, form, alone
Could feed thy ever during flame;
Her sympathies must be thy own,
Her pleasures and pursuits the same.
Then guard thy rapture swollen strain,
Lest heedless passion rush on pain.
Oh! P—r, bid us look around
For form as fair, for such a mind,
Where modest excellence is found,
With manners mild, and feelings kind.

When virtue, knowledge, beauty join
And tempt the heart thy life to prove;
Then may we hope thy bliss to find,
When Friendship holds the lamp of Love.
Then guard thy rapture swollen strain,
Lest heedless passion rush on pain.

AMICUS.

ON RECEIVING A LOCK OF HAIR FROM A YOUNG LADY.

How I envied the lock on that bosom of bliss,
And wish'd from my soul that my lips had been there;
How oft have I sighed for a treasure like this,
When I gazed on the exquisite cheek of my fair!
O! what can I say for a prize of such worth?
O! what, for such goodness as thine, can I give?
A gentle embrace in this moment of mirth,
And a vow that I'll love thee as long as I live!
As the heart of affliction is known to grow light
When Hope gives a smile as she wings thro' the air;
So shall I, my dear Mary, be blest with delight,
When I glance on this ringlet of beautiful hair!

WILFORD.

PITY.

(IN IMITATION OF WALTER SCOTT.)

PITY! thou soft and soothing power,
In sorrow's sad and dreary hour:—
Thy spirit's self no eye may see
Grac'd in thy native purity;
Yet, lovely to the mourner thou,
When pain or sickness cloud the brow;
Most lovely, when thy essence mild
Is pour'd on Nature's beauteous child!
Fair woman!—thus by thee endow'd,
She quits the gay and thoughtless crowd,
To heave the fond half stifled sigh,
To drop the tear of sympathy,
To whisper hope to suffering woe,
To calm the wrung and tortur'd brow,
To give the wild perturbed brain
To rest, in balmy peace again.

C. H.

LINES

To the Memory of Archibald Moore, Esq. late Master of His Majesty's Brig *Sappho*.

THERE 's a curl on the wave, and the breeze it is fair,
Blue Peter is flying, but thou art not there;
The boat of thy vessel is waiting ashore,
But vainly, for Archy will board her no more.
We go to the land of the cinnamon groves,
We go where the buccaneer fearlessly roves,
But the hand of another is plac'd on the helm,
And who shall direct us when billows o'erwhelm?
Oh, Archy! my friend, my companion, alas,
Where now are the hours we so early did pass,
When Guinea's rude coast we together explor'd,
While the nectar of sailors flow'd bright on the board?
Where are they?—Why ask I, they're buried in gloom,
Myself a lone being and thou on the tomb,
Our grog is now stopp'd, and the past it must be
A void, save when waken'd by mem'ry of thee.
A painful yet soothing sensation that gives
New warmth from the dead to the being that lives.
Oh, had'st thou been wreck'd on the merciless main,
Or died on thy deck, it were wrong to complain;
Had'st thou died as a man and a sailor should die,
Thy glory had lighten'd the heart of its sigh;
But to fall like a being who never had seen
The wide spreading wave with its bosom of green,

Oppresses the heart that hath known thee thro' life,
The first in the tempest, the first in the strife;
Yet peace to thy spirit wherever it be,
There are hearts that will mourn for thee over the sea;
The maids will be sad in the isles of the west,
When told that their sailor is gone to his rest.
Then peace to thee, Archy, the bark of the brave
Which sweeps her white wing o'er the murmuring wave,
Shall bear to the land of the negro thy fame,
And those who have known thee will honour thy name;
And, oh! in the hour which expandeth the soul,
When friend, wife, and lov'd ones go round with the bowl;
Will thy name be forgotten?—Oh no! the toast given
Will be—to bold Archy, who's anchor'd in heaven.

SAM SPRITSAIL.

Fine Arts.

THE TWO SLEEPING CHILDREN, BY CHANTREY, TO BE PLACED AS PART OF A MONUMENT IN LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

HERE is the sleep of death! Here the innocence which glories in social happiness, and whose freedom is the love of virtue! I cannot well express the feelings which agitated my soul, upon seeing this exquisite piece of sculpture. The youth of these children justifies the fond ideas of purity. Their's is the last embrace; their's the parting groan, the only signal of mortal separation! Their innocence is equal to their love; their tenderness keeps pace with their spotless imaginations. How forcibly does their dear attachment, and touching gentleness appeal to the domestic mind! They need no high wrought stations—Nature is their best ornament: character their best emblem. To respect them, is to fear God: to feel for them, is to follow our virtuous principles. No pang of agony hangs o'er their brows: no dread convulsion heaves their breasts; but all is sweetness, joy, and peace! As the last tribute of their unconscious goodness, they bequeath to the receding world, a smile of placidity known only to the good. That eloquent marble has drawn forth many tears. It has affected many parents. The mind of the sculptor, unless at variance with his works, is refined and pure. Long may he live to receive the admiration of his friends! Long may he survive the task which he has so successfully performed!

J. P. T.

MR. HARLOW.

AN honour was conferred on this lamented artist when in Rome, we believe unprecedented in the annals of the arts in any country. Harlow had very little knowledge of either the French or Italian languages; and when he visited Rome was nearly friendless. Canova was so powerfully impressed with the merits of Harlow's copy of the *Transfiguration*, by Raphael, that he immediately called upon him and became his friend. He not only introduced him to the Pope, but likewise proposed him a member of the Royal Academy, although there was no vacancy. This unusual occurrence occasioned warm debates in the Institution, and some opposition; the result, however, was the admission of Mr. Harlow—who, in return for this mark of their distinction and regard, gave to the Academy, his picture of *The Presentation of the Cardinal's Hat to Wolsey, at Westminster Abbey*.

The Drama.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—That sterling comedy, *The Hypocrite*, taken from the *Tartuffe* of Moliere, and which has successively received the alterations and additions of Cibber and Bickerstaff, has been produced at this theatre, as 'an operatic comedy in five acts.' Although we are no friends to the alterations and mutilations of plays, which have long received the stamp of public approbation, and kept their footing on the stage, amid all the changes of the public taste, yet, in the adaptation of one of our best comedies to the regulations required at this theatre, we have a new and a successful proof of the activity and good taste which distinguishes it. The alteration consists in introducing about half a dozen well selected and appropriate songs; one in particular, by Mawworm, was very ludicrous, and excited much amusement and laughter. Had there been no other inducement for bringing out the *Hypocrite*, the possessing Dowton for Dr. Cantwell, would have been sufficient; those who have not seen this excellent performer in the character, can form no idea of the rich picture of ludicrous hypocrisy, and hardened villainy, which he presented; and, in the scene where he betrays the whole enormity of his heart, by disclosing his guilty passion to the wife of his credulous and unsuspecting patron, his looks and manners were so perfectly in accordance with nature, that it was difficult to think it an illusion, or any thing but reality. Wilkinson's Mawworm is one of his best performances; his quaint but raving enthusiasm, his vacant stare and ghastly visage gave to his fanatical denunciations a striking effect. He was the very Praise God Barebones of Cromwell's time. The playfulness and energy which Wrench gave to Colonel Lambert, rendered the character of more importance than the author perhaps intended. The Charlotte of Miss Kelly and the Lady Lambert of Miss Carew were both good, but not characters of sufficient importance to call for particular remark.—Mr. Reeve continues his imitations with increased effect.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The comedy of *Rule a Wife and have a Wife* was performed at this house on Monday night; the part of Leon, by Mr. Warde, a gentleman who, possessing considerable qualifications for the stage, has yet much to learn in the management of his voice. In the tame acquiescence and helpless submission to the will of his intriguing spouse, and his succeeding idiotcy and abject compliance to dignified opposition, he was peculiarly happy, and elicited the loudest plaudits. Jones played the Copper Captain with his usual spirit, and Mrs. Edwin, in Estifania, was as coquettish, froward, and termagant as the audience, and much more than a husband, could wish her.

SURREY THEATRE.—Mr. T. Dibdin is certainly, in dramatic writing, 'the spoiled child of the fortune,' for he does not hesitate to take up neglected or even rejected tragedies and give them currency.—Mr. Millman's play of *Fazio*, after being rejected by the 'Great Establishments,' was produced at the Surrey under the title of the *Italian Wife*, where it was so successful, and the principal characters so well played, by Miss Taylor and Mr. Huntley, that Covent Garden Theatre, with its accustomed jealousy, soon adopted it, and thus proved that their own taste was not to be depended on. On Monday night, a very splendid melo-drama was produced at this house, en-

titled *The Abbot of San Martino or True Revenge*; it is a very successful adaptation to the stage of Major Parlbys tragedy of *Revenge*, and which is founded on a story in the Monk.

The interest turns principally on the sufferings of Olivia, whose father sent her to a convent in order to augment the dower of his eldest daughter, and by that means render her the bride of the Duke of Milan; this convent is that of San Martino, whose abbot, Angelo, is fired with the most inveterate revenge against the family of Olivia, in consequence of his having been deprived of her mother, whom he had intended to marry.—Olivia's lover, Florian de Rosalba, endeavouring to rescue her, falls into the hands of Angelo, who threatens his destruction unless Olivia takes a phial of poison; this she, at last, consents to; but Jerome, the porter to the convent, having a pique against the abbot, has diluted the potion, which is not deadly. Olivia becomes the wife of Rosalba, and the abbot, thus disappointed of his revenge and about to be given up to justice, stabs himself. From this brief sketch it will be seen that the story possesses considerable interest. The acting was truly excellent.—We never saw Huntley to greater advantage than in the revengeful abbot; and Thomas à Becket himself would not have looked the character better. Miss Taylor portrayed the distresses of Olivia admirably,—we will not say peculiarly well, for it would be very peculiar if she did otherwise. The dresses are very splendid, and the scenery is of the highest order; the perspective is so judiciously managed that in some of the Gothic scenes, we could scarcely persuade ourselves that it was merely canvas before us.—The piece was most successful, and the house crowded. Since our last notice of this theatre, Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg visited it, and appeared to be highly gratified.

COBourg THEATRE.—Novelty has been the prominent feature of this house during the last three weeks. *Glenarvon*, founded on the novel of that name, after having been played a few nights only, has been withdrawn to make way for *The Travellers*, which has been produced here with great splendour, for the purpose of introducing Mr. T. Cooke, from Drury Lane theatre; we have no doubt that his singing and the gaudy nature of the piece, will prove beneficial to the treasury.—*Montrose* has been also brought out here, under the title of the *Children of the Mist*.—We like it better than we did *Florence Macarthy*, but we see it is to be superseded immediately by its cousin-german *Lammermoor*. This is a succession of novelty with a vengeance—we would willingly, however, resign part of the *sights* and *shows* to indulge in a little *feeling*, which is rather a rarity at this house.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

Steam Coaches.—An American paper asserts, that in the State of Kentucky, a stage coach is established, with a steam-engine, which travels at the rate of twelve miles an hour. It can be stopt instantly, and again set in motion with its former velocity, and it is so constructed, that the passengers sit within two feet of the ground.

Antiquities.—A letter from Athens, dated April 15, says, M. Rottiers has purchased several antiquities, and fragments of the flourishing period of the arts; a head of Bacchus, the heads of a lion and a tiger; the foot of Hercules, of enormous size; and, amongst the rest, a *bas-relief*, four feet high, and two and a-half wide, of Pentolic marble, found last year,

in digging on the road to Thebes; it represents a young man leaning, with his left elbow on the trunk of a tree, and letting a bird fly out of his right hand; his appearance, in general, is much like that of the Antinous. M. Rottiers has obtained a *bas relief* of three figures as large as life, of exquisite beauty and in fine preservation; it is of a woman sitting, attended by two female servants standing and weeping over the tomb of her husband: according to the inscription, she was of Sunium, one of the eighteen berghs of Athens. The whole are to be sent to the Netherlands.

French Libraries.—France contains five public libraries, besides about forty special ones. The Royal Library consists of about 350,000 volumes of printed books, besides the same number of tracts collected into volumes, and about 50,000 MSS. The Library of the Arsenal contains 150,000 volumes, and 5,000 MSS. The Library of St. Genevieve, about 110,000 vols., and 2,010 MSS. The Mazarine Library about 90,000 vols., and 3,937 MSS.; and the City Library, about 15,000 vols. In the provinces, the Library of Lyons contains 100,000 vols.; of Bourdeaux, 105,000; of Aix, 73,000; Besancon, 53,000; Thoulouse, 50,000; Grenoble, 42,000; Cohun, 30,000; Versailles, 40,000; Amiens, 41,000. The total number of libraries in France amounts to 273. The general contents of those which are known, amounts to 3,395,287 vols. of which 1,125,347, are in Paris alone.

A boat, or rather a canoe, twenty feet long, was lately found by some workmen, digging in Pinchbeck-fen, Lincolnshire, six feet below the surface of the earth, where it must have lain for many centuries.

Hydrosulphuric acid of Iron.—Professor Von Mons has discovered, that the hydrosulphuric acid of iron, produced by iron, sulphur, and water, possesses, when taken internally, the property of making salivation instantly cease, as if by enchantment; and when administered externally, of curing the worst of sores.

The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.*

LUCRETIVS.

During a time of scarcity, in the reign of Edward II, 1315, prices were affixed, by an act of parliament, to several kinds of provisions: for the best ox, not fed with corn, 2l. 8s. fed with corn, 3l. 12s.; a fat hog, two years old, 10s.; a fat weather, unshorn, a crown; if shorn, 3s. 6d.: a fat goose, 7d.: a fat hen, 3d., &c.

Newspapers.—The following singular advertisement is copied, *verbatim*, from an old Norwich newspaper, printed by Henry Crossgrove, in the year 1739:—

'This is to inform my friends and customers, that on Saturday next, this newspaper will be sold for a penny, and be continued at that price; but advertisements will still be taken in gratis, as formerly. The reason of my raising it to a penny is, because the number I print is too prodigious great to be given away any longer; and I hope none of my customers will think it dear of a penny, since they shall always have the best intelligence, besides other diversions.'

Peter de Dreux, cousin German to the King of France, and Bishop of Beauvais, being taken in arms by Richard I, of England, and imprisoned and fettered by him, for personal injuries during his captivity, Pope Celestine III wrote to the king a gentle mitigating letter in favour of the prelate, which Richard answered by sending the bishop's helmet and armour to Rome, with these words from Scripture, (Gen. xxxii, 32.) 'Know now whether this be thy son's coat or not?' This answer, so just and witty, put a stop to the Pope's intercession, who replied, 'that the coat the king had sent did not belong to a son of the church, but of the camp; and the prisoner, therefore, was at Richard's mercy.'

Necessity of Punctuation.—A curious and very ingenious expedient was lately resorted to at a trial in Green Street, to

save a prisoner charged with robbery. The principal thing that appeared in evidence against him, was a confession, alleged to have been made by him at the police office, and taken down in writing by a police officer. The document purporting to contain this self-criminating acknowledgment was produced by the officer, and the following passage was read from it:—

'Mangan said he never robbed but twice said it was Crawford.'

This it will be observed, has no mark of the writer's having any notion of punctuation, but the meaning he attached to it will be evident from the following mode of printing it.—

'Mangan said he never robbed but twice;

Said it was Crawford.'

Mr. O'Gorman, the counsel for the prisoner, begged to look at the paper. He perused it, and rather astonished the peace-officer, by asserting, that, so far from its proving the man's guilt, it clearly established his innocence. 'This,' said the learned gentleman, 'is the fair and obvious reading of the sentence:—

'Mangan said he never robbed;

But twice said it was Crawford.'

The man was acquitted.—*Irish Paper.*

Towards the latter end of May, 1359, in the reign of Edward III, a solemn just was proclaimed to be held at London, for three days together. The challengers in the proclamation, were the lord mayor, the two sheriffs, and twenty-one aldermen, who undertook to maintain the field against all comers; but matters were managed so secretly, that the king personated the lord mayor, and his four sons, with nineteen of the principal nobility of England, the sheriffs and aldermen, being all dressed in complete close armour, on which the arms and other distinctions of the city were painted. The deceit was not even so much as suspected by the citizens themselves, who were charmed to see their magistrates acquit themselves in arms, surpassing that of the bravest knights of Europe. But they were still more charmed, when, at the end of the three days, the beavers being then lifted up, they found, instead of their mayor and court of aldermen, who remained all that time concealed, the greatest personages of the court of England.

The number of suicides in Paris, during the months of January, February, March, and April of the present year, amounts to 124, of which 33 are females, and 60 in the marriage state. Many of them ended their existence by fire-arms, and 46 by ignited charcoal. Of this number, 53 committed the deed through disgust of life from domestic griefs, indigence, or disappointed affection; the remainder from deranged affairs, gaming, and debauchery. The above period of four months, compared with the same interval of last year, presents a surplus difference of 41 suicides.

The *Journal des Modes* has an article, which proves that the dandies of Paris equal, if not exceed in foppery, our Bond Street beaux. 'The manufacturers of false calves have had the indiscretion to expose at their shop windows, stockings with stuffed calves. This makes all the world acquainted with the artifice, and now, woe to the young man who ventures into company with the appearance of full, well made legs. He is instantly put to the test, to know whether they are genuine. A malicious child, with a long black pin, will sound the calf, or a jealous rival will point with a sneer, at the protuberance.'

Emigration.—By an account, published in the London papers, it appears, that five thousand eight hundred and eighty-one persons have emigrated, in the last six months, from Belfast to America.

The King of Bohemia, in the battle of Cressy, wore three ostrich-feathers for his crest; and, as he acted in the capacity of a volunteer, he took the motto 'Ich Dien,' which, in the German language, signifies, 'I serve.' This device, young Edward (commonly called the Black Prince) assumed to himself, in memory of this glorious day; and it has been adopted by all the succeeding Princes of Wales.

Anecdote.—The Prince de Conde, in a council of war, before the battle of Rocroi, speaking of the advantages of possessing that place, the Mareschal de Gassion replied, 'But if we should lose it what will become of us?'—'I do not consider that,' replied the prince, 'as I shall die before that happens.'

The Devil made a Bishop.—All the world know, that a woman once became a Pope. People need not, therefore, be surprised to find that the *devil* has been made a *bishop*; if they are at all sceptical upon the subject, they may remove their doubts, by referring to a speech in parliament, of the king himself, who, on such a subject, could hardly be mistaken.—'I this day heard the king deliver his speech to the commons and lords, and noted one part thereof wherein his majesty called *the Devil a busy Bishop*, sparing neither labour nor pains. My Lord of London told me, he thought his majesty might have chosen another name.'

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The favours of L., J. B. J., C. H., and J. R. P., in our next.

L. reached us too late, and was anticipated; we feel much obliged by his continued attentions.

We must beg the indulgence of our Poetical Correspondents generally, for not noticing their favours so often and so early as we could wish.

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